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The Murder at Rochester Manor



murder clue

 172  10  16

Chapter 1 by Lucifreyja

"I'm telling you that's not how it happened!"

The police officer leaned in closer to frown at the young woman. She was one of seven people detained at the old Manor after the police had received a mysterious phone call tipping them off about a murder that was about to occur. Deputy Dupree would have to question them all if he was ever going to find out the truth about what happened up there.

"You better get your story straight, Ms. White. What happened on the night of October 2nd?"

Chapter 2 by Lucifreyja



It was a swingers party.

You know, the "I come with him, you come with her, everyone gets drunk and we all end up coming together" type of party. I was there with my guy, a yes-man Leo who wouldn't know what a spine was if it was slapped on his back. A real schmuck. If you knew Tony, you'd understand why I went.

I was invited by a gentleman by the name of Mr. Green. He was everything I wish Tony was: tall.

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one movie where you needed a password to get through the front gate and everyone wore a fancy mask. Except there was no password to get in, just an invitation signed "Mr. G".

We were all having a real good time. I ditched Tony as soon as I could and met up with some Professor. It was the glasses. Don't you know a girl can't say no to a guy in glasses? He invited me upstairs, we found one of the guest rooms, and set about playing the best game of twister the world had ever seen, if you know what I mean. (You don't? Oh dear.)

Everything was going great until some bimbo started shrieking her lungs out downstairs. The Professor was handsome, but a real jittery guy, high strung like he was hooked on an alphabet of drugs. So when the girl screamed he bolted straight out of bed and right out the window onto the terrace.

So you see, I couldn't have been the murderer!

I was upstairs with the Professor all night. Just ask him yourself. He'll tell you the same story.

Chapter 3 by Lucifreyja



A tall man dressed in a black suit and deep purple tie sat on the opposite side of the table from Deputy Dupree, boney fingers wrapping out an uneven rhythm on the polished wood.

"She's lying." He said. His face was blank, so expressionless that it didn't even look human.

Deputy Dupree looked over his notes before meeting that dead stare. So far, nothing of Ms. White's story was adding up. This man didn't look jittery. He was the canon of coolness, the kind of man that sends other men into existential crisis just by walking down the street. And he wasn't wearing glasses.

"How do you know she's lying, Professor?" Dupree asked, ignoring the opinions he was drawing up in his own head in order to finish the job. The law was no place for speculation.

"Because I wasn't in her room that night."

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A pause. The Professor looked down at his hands, which were clasped behind his back.

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"The phone call we received was from a male and right now you're looking like our best suspect. Answer the question."

"Why would I call to tell you I was about to murder someone?" The Professor spoke slowly, enunciating each word like it was a knife in the chest. There was a wild look in his eyes now that made Dupree's skin crawl.

"If you weren't with Ms. White, then where were you on the night of October second? I will not ask you a third time!"

The Professor drew his emotions back, eyes becoming hollow once again.

"I wasn't with Ms. White. I was with Colonel Jonquil. We were in the study finishing off the dregs of the Glenfiddich. He was...teaching me how to clean a rifle, if you catch my drift." The Professor smirked and his eyes travelled downwards from Dupree's face. The deputy shifted uncomfortably in his chair and scribbled some notes into his pad.

"We heard a woman screaming at about ten o'clock...no, ten thirty. By the time we got to the lounge, mostly everyone else had already gathered, dressed in robes or not at all. But there was something odd about one of the other women. She kept looking over her shoulder at the far wall like she was scared someone was going to sneak up behind her. But everyone was in that room with the body. At least, I *think* everyone was there."

"Do you remember the name of the woman who was acting suspicious?"

"Yeah, I think her name was..."

Chapter 4 by Lucifreyja



"Ms. Fowler, was it?"

A stick figure of a woman lounged in the chair opposite Deputy Dupree, taking long draws from her cigarette. Dupree had informed her there was no smoking allowed, but the woman seemed

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He watched her blow out a plume of smoke. It was a thick, greyish-white cloud that hung in the air for a few moments before dispersing. Dupree noted he could have thought harder about this.

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answers out of her. Dupree hoped the lenience on the cigarette would be enough to have her cooperate.

"What was the cause of death?" She asked. "I mean, *officially*."

"I'm not at liberty to discuss those details with you, Ms. Fowler. This is a murder case."

Ms. Fowler slouched lower into her chair and picked her teeth with her tongue.

"I guess you want me to tell you what happened that night?"

"Yes. The night of October second."

She took a deep breath.

"Me and Ms. O'Mara were having a go at the pool table on the first floor. Neither of us knew how to handle a stick," she smiled lewdly and took another drag. "But we had no problem filling all the holes. Early in the night we heard someone screaming. At first we thought it was just someone having a little sadomasochistic fun, but it didn't sound like the happy kind of screaming. We ran next door to find a young woman lying on the floor, *dead!* She wasn't wearing any clothes, but then, few of us were. And as we entered the room, I noticed the far wall..."

Dupree sat forward. "What did you see?"

"It looked like there was a secret passage. Old houses have them, sometimes. They usually lead to the studies or hidden libraries. I saw it closing on a dark figure."

"Did you see what they looked like?"

Ms. Fowler paused, frowning deeply.

"It was definitely a man. Too tall and robust to be a woman. By the time everyone else made it

over, he had gone. I don't know if he was a burglar or if he was a killer. I just know he was here."

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"Unfortunately, we have to hold everyone here until we figure this out. And please, in the future, no smoking."

Chapter 5 by Nicholas Willcocks



Deputy Dupree stepped outside of the forlorn manor, and sighed heavily. This had been a case that he decided he would handle; after all, there had been many fake outs the department had seen over the last few weeks, and he assumed this was another.

He took out his cell phone planning to call his husband to inform him that he'd be home a little later that night, and to not wait up. No answer. The deputy left a short message and hung up.

As he made his way back into the house, he heard what sounded like running in the nearby woods, followed by a quick gunshot. Silence.

Chapter 6 by Hazel_121



Miss Scarlet sat in the corner of the library and had been silently sniffing in her handkerchief ever since 11 pm, when suddenly she stood up and started screaming.

Everyone had heard the gunshot, and as they were rushing to look out the window, Miss Scarlet dropped to her knees, screaming louder than a cat in heat.

She knew perfectly what happened outside. She knew who shot who. She knew everything, but she couldn't let the others know. So she screamed, she rolled around on the floor, she even made a few noises that could only be described as possessed.

She knew she was good at it. She could do it on queue. Her mother always told her that if she'd ever amount to anything in life, it'd be the role of the desperate housewife that always gets everything but never is satisfied. Miss Scarlet wasn't exactly fond of her mother, and vice versa.

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